



No.101

JULY...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

OKAY, ALFRED,
Y'TRACKED ME
DOWN! I'LL
CONFESS — I
DID IT!

DID WHAT,
OLD BOY???
I ONLY WANTED
TO URGE YOU TO
BACK THE **7TH**
WAR LOAN!



Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

BESS B. LANE

Educational Director
United Parents Associations

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this
trademark as your guarantee of
the best in comic reading

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL FUNNY COMICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
DETECTIVE COMICS
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
REAL SCREEN FUNNIES
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



People Like to Laugh!

-AND WE HELP 'EM



THIS SYMBOL
IS YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE
BEST
IN COMIC
READING!





IT'S TWINS AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME-- OF ALL THINGS! AND IT'S ONE EMERGENCY AFTER ANOTHER WHEN ALFRED, THE SLEUTHING BUTLER, FINDS HIMSELF CAST IN THE ROLE OF NURSEMAID--AND ALL BUT CAST INTO THE GRAVE BEFORE THE FINISH!...ONCE AGAIN ONLY THE BATTLING BATMAN'S PLASHING WITS AND SMASHING FISTS AVERT TRAGEDY AS, WITH ROBIN AT HIS SIDE, HE RUNS A RACE WITH PERIL TO SOLVE THE REMARKABLE RIDDLE OF-- "THE TYRANNICAL TWINS!"



BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO AN UNEVENTFUL DAY— WHICH PROVES HOW WRONG THEY CAN BE!

WUXTREE? CLERK ARRESTED IN BIG JEWELRY ROBBERY!

THAT'S ONE CRIME BATMAN AND ROBIN WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, EH, BRUCE?

THE POLICE SEEM SURE OF THEIR MAN! HE SERVED TIME ONCE BEFORE FOR GRAND LARCENY!



WANT TO COME IN WHILE I PICK OUT SOME SHIRTS, DICK?

NO, THANKS! I'LL WAIT HERE AND LOOK IN WINDOWS!



I WONDER IF YOU'D WATCH MY TWINS WHILE I GO INTO THE STORE? I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO! HUSKY PAIR OF YOUNGSTERS, AREN'T THEY?



IN FACT, THE EXCITEMENT HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

WHAT DO I DO NOW? MAYBE THIS BALL WILL HELP!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? STARTING A DAY NURSERY?



QUICK! TOSS ME THE BALL! THAT SEEMS TO AMUSE THEM! WHERE DID YOU FIND THEM?

THEIR MOTHER ASKED ME TO WATCH THEM WHILE SHE WENT INTO THE STORE, JUST FOR A MINUTE!



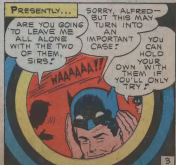
AN HOUR LATER...

WHEW! IF SHE LEFT THE STORE RIGHT AWAY, AS SHE SAID SHE WOULD, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BY ANOTHER DOOR!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, FELLA! THERE'S A NOTE I DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE—AND IT'S ADDRESSED TO BRUCE WAYNE!



Dear Mr. Wayne! You can earn a mother's eternal gratitude by caring for these babies for a few days. I'll explain when I call for them. Meanwhile, here are directions for their care and feeding.



MINUTES LATER, IN A DOWNTOWN DEPARTMENT STORE...

THERE YOU ARE, **BATMAN!** THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE CUSTOMER WHO BOUGHT THE TWIN BABY CARRIAGE WITH THE SERIAL NUMBER YOU GAVE ME!

MRS. STELLA RANIER! THE WIFE OF THE JEWELRY STORE CLERK THE POLICE ARE HOLDING!



BUT IF THOSE TWINS BELONG TO RANIER, AND SOME OF THE STOLEN JEWELS WERE INSIDE THEIR RATTLES, DOESN'T THAT PROVE HE'S GUILTY?

NOT NECESSARILY, **ROBIN!** AND THERE'S NO SENSE IN GUESSING TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT MRS. RANIER CAN TELL US!



AT THAT MOMENT, WITHIN THE RANIER HOME...

COME ON! TELL US WHERE THE KIDS ARE AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

THEY AREN'T HERE! THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY!



SUDDENLY...

THREE ARMED MEN AGAINST ONE WOMAN! IS THAT FAIR?

HUH?... **BATMAN!**

THANK GOODNESS!

AN' **ROBIN!**



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS CUT DOWN THE ODDS A LITTLE!

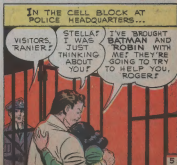
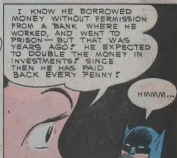
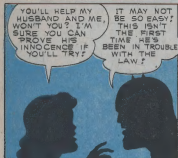


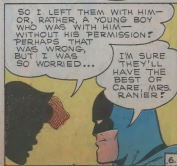
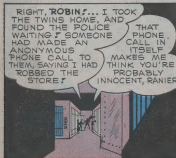
TAKE A DEEP BOW, CHUM!

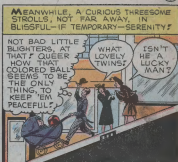
NICE GOING, **ROBIN!**

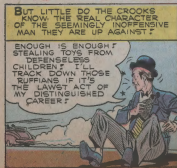
I'LL FIX 'EM!

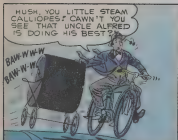




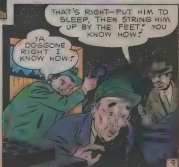
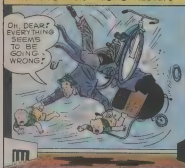


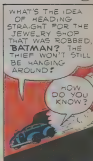
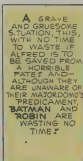
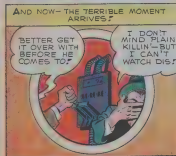






UNFORTUNATELY, AS ALFRED TURNS THE BICYCLE, HE FORGETS THAT THE BABY CARRIAGE HAS NO STEERING GEAR--WITH THIS HAIR-RAISING RESULT!



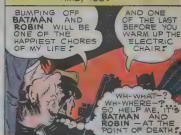




BUT THE NEXT SECOND...



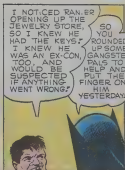
CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE DANGLING ALFRED — AND HIGH TIME, TOO!





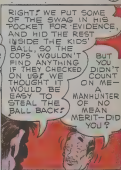
FEEL LIKE COMING CLEAN, BART?

WHY NOT? YOU'VE GOT ME! I USED THIS SHOP TO PRINT FAKE STOCK CERTIFICATES, BUT BUSINESS WAS SLOW, AND I WANTED TO MAKE A BIG HAUL SOMEWHERE AND GET OUT!



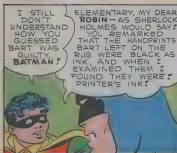
I NOTICED RANIER OPENING UP THE JEWELRY STORE, SO I KNEW HE HAD THE KEYS. I KNEW HE WAS AN EX-CON, TOO, AND WOULD BE SUSPECTED IF ANYTHING WENT WRONG!

SO YOU ROUNDED UP SOME GANGSTER PALS TO HELP AND PUT THE FINGER ON HIM YESTERDAY!



RIGHT? WE PUT SOME OF THE SWAG IN HIS POCKET FOR EVIDENCE, AND HID THE REST INSIDE THE KID'S BALL, SO THE COPS WOULDN'T FIND ANYTHING IF THEY CHECKED ON US! WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE EASY TO STEAL THE BALL BACK!

BUT YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON ME—A MANHUNTER OF NO MEAN MERIT—DID YOU?



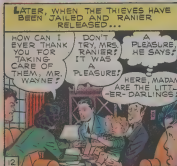
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU GUESSED BART WAS GUILTY, BATMAN!

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR ROBIN—AS SHERLOCK HOLMES WOULD SAY! YOU REMARKED THAT THE HANDPRINTS BART LEFT ON THE RUG WERE BLACK AS INK, AND WHEN I EXAMINED THEM I FOUND THEY WERE PRINTER'S INK!



WHEN RANIER TOLD OF MEETING THE OWNER OF THE PRINTING SHOP NEXT DOOR JUST BEFORE HE WAS SLUGGED—

I GET IT!



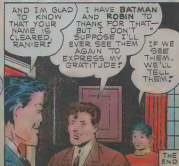
LATER, WHEN THE THIEVES HAVE BEEN JAILED AND RANIER RELEASED...

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING CARE OF THEM, MR. WAYNE?

DON'T TRY, MRS. RANIER! IT WAS A PLEASURE!

A PLEASURE, HE SAYS!

HERE, MADAM, ARE THE LITTLE—ER—DARLINGS!

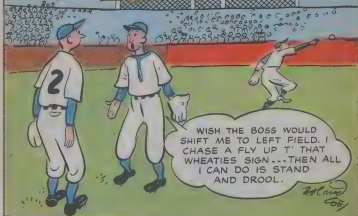


AND I'M GLAD TO KNOW THAT YOUR NAME IS CLEARED, RANIER!

I HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO THANK FOR THAT—BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL EVER SEE THEM AGAIN TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE!

IF WE SEE THEM, WE'LL TELL THEM!

THE END



REAL MOUTH WATERING GOODNESS IN WHEATIES.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED GOLDEN BROWN. TOASTED TO SPARKLING CRISPNESS. FLAVORED WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP -- THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE THE CHAMPION DISH RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY BIG-LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS.

CATCH ON TO A DISH THAT'S FAMOUS FOR CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT AND SWELL FLAVOR. CALL FOR A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" -- EVERY MORNING.



Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

WHEATIES ARE A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.



SLAM BRADLEY

DEFT-FINGERED FELONS MOVE INTO TOWN FOR BUSINESS, AND BRING THE POLICE TO THE END OF THEIR WITS. BUT A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE SETS THE SLUGGING, SLEUTHING FIRM OF BRADLEY AND MORGAN ONTO THOSE FILCHERS, WHO—UP TILL THEN HAD A HAPPY LITTLE PLAN FOR MAKING EVERYDAY A...

"Shoplifter's Holiday!"



AS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN DO A LITTLE SHOPPING...

HELP!
ROBBERY!

DROP THAT
STUFF, KNEE HIGH!
SOMEBODY'S IN
TROUBLE!

AH, NATTY
NECKWEAR!
PRETTY NEAT,
EH, SLAM...

I—I AM NOT
ACCUSING YOU,
SIR! JUST THE
SAME, THE
DIAMOND STUDS
ARE GONE—STOLEN
WHEN I TURNED MY
BACK!

I UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU FEEL!
AND JUST TO
SATISFY US
BOTH, I INSIST
ON BEING
SEARCHED!



MINUTES LATER, FOLLOWING THE STORM
DETECTIVE'S SEARCH...

WELL, I FOUND NOTHING
ON HIM! YOU SURE THE
STUDS ARE MISSING,
JONES?

POSITIVE!
HE WAS
PRICING A LOT
OF STUFF, AND
THE STUDS WERE
AMONG THEM!



WE GOIN'
TO FOLLOW
HIM, SLAM?

NO—JUST KEEP AN
EYE ON THAT COUN-
TER! I THINK I KNOW
WHERE THE STUDS
ARE RIGHT NOW!



PRESENTLY...

HERE COMES
OUR MAN, RUNT!
LET'S GET HIM!



JUST A MINUTE,
MISTER! MIND
OPENING YOUR
RIGHT HAND?

WHY, WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



THIS IS WHAT I
MEAN! AND HERE
ARE YOUR STUDS,
JONES!

SO THEY ARE...
AMAZING!



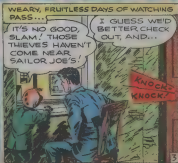
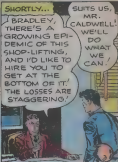
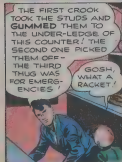
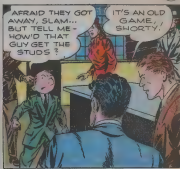
AHH!

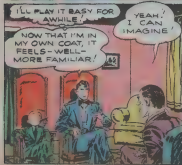
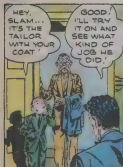
NOBODY'S
ARRESTIN'
ME IF I CAN
HELP IT!

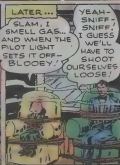
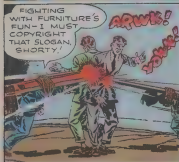
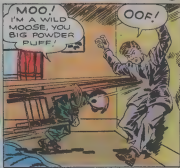


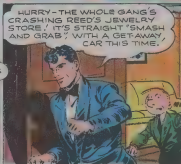
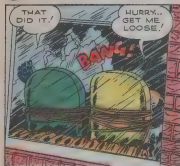
I'LL GET
HIM!

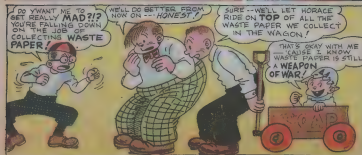
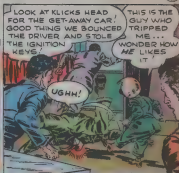
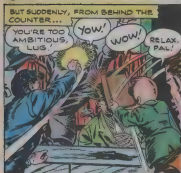












GREAT NEW PRIZE in every package of PEP

LOOK! MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS -in keen colors!



ARMY AND NAVY INSIGNIA

A PRIZE BUTTON in every PEP package

22 IN COMPLETE SET



44th Fighter Squadron
(ACTUAL SIZE)



25th Bombardment Squadron



27th Fighter Squadron



53rd Bombardment Squadron



64th Pursuit Squadron



58th Bombardment Squadron



98th Bombardment Squadron



2nd Bombardment Squadron



431st Bombardment Squadron



127th Bombardment Squadron



34th Bombardment Squadron



385th Bombardment Squadron



99th Bombardment Squadron



41st Bombardment Squadron



424th Bombardment Squadron



78th Bombardment Squadron



Consolidated Vulture B-24 Liberator



Boeing B-29 Superfortress



Republic P-47 Thunderbolt



Lockhead Lightning P-38



VB-13

BOYS-GIRLS-Here's the latest thing out. Kids everywhere are collecting and swapping these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons — now, as prizes in packages of Kellogg's PEP.

They're metal buttons, in wide variety, of actual army and navy squadron and division insignia. Nothing quite like 'em to pin on your cap, sweater or jacket.

The buttons are easy as pie to get, too. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get Kellogg's PEP, open the package, and there's your prize button.

Tell her PEP's mighty good for you, too. Delicious wheat flakes packed with whole wheat's goodness — and with ADDED AMOUNTS of energy vitamin B₁ and sunshine vitamin D. Get PEP, and your prize button, at your grocer's, today.

Here's how to get this SPECIAL PEP BEANIE

Just the thing to pin your military insignia buttons on. Two-color beanie caps made of felt. Sent to you for only 10 cents and 2 Kellogg's PEP box tops. Address: Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Michigan.



LISTEN
TO

SUPERMAN

on the air — for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.



LOOK! Free Gifts AND WAR SAVING STAMPS



FOR **Popsicle Fudgicle**
CREAMSICLE Bags

and other bags requiring
"Licensed by Ice Cream
Corp." and "Save more
bags for Gifts"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OVER 1/2 MILLION PRIZES - FREE!

If any prize you desire is not available, we will send you a 15c War Savings Stamp for every 10c War Savings Bag. This offer starts on April 1st, 1945, but is valid and for as long as any Prize or Prize value exceeds that of an Ice Cream Bag. To get it, go to any store where you buy Ice Cream Bags.

Enjoy these swell Frozen Confections On-A-Stick — get these prizes! Save Bags, Pick your Prize. Ask your postman how to mail your bags and letter — address nearest Service Department listed below. Easy, isn't it?

FOR 50 BAGS or 5c and 25 BAGS

- No. 145 Code-O-Graph — Junior Secret Service Kit — Invisible Ink and Developer — Alphabet code chart.
- No. 141 Swift-A-Top — New, Different Wood holder — String spinner.
- No. 158 Jewelry Clip — Openwork metal reproduction of Old Masterpieces.
- No. 127 Battle Set — each makes 12 boats, tanks, planes, field guns, etc.
- No. 170 Buckle Bracelet — Gold-Color Metal — Baked enamel — adjustable.

FOR 100 BAGS or 10c and 50 BAGS

- No. 147 Wheel of Knowledge — Axis and automatically answers 500 questions.
- No. 152 Air Pressure Catapult — Leaps — Dives — Glides — Spins — Turns.
- No. 135 First Aid Kit — In Tin Box — Gauze — Mercurochrome — Cotton — Compresses — Bandages — Complete.
- No. 244 Book — Hard Covers — Order only one Book to a customer. Six Titles — Grimm's Fairy Tales — Treasure Island — Alice in Wonderland — Heidi — Swiss Family Robinson — Huckleberry Finn.

FOR 200 BAGS or 25c and 100 BAGS

- No. 133 Cartoon Instruction Set — Book of Charts and Complete Equipment.
- No. 115 Bowling Game — Ten Pins — Alley over two feet long — Like big game.
- No. 154 Shoe Shine Kit — Grow-up size — Get one — Sell shoes — Make Money.
- No. 162 Pistol and Hatcher with Belt — Realistic — Full-size — Competition.

Many More Gifts!

For complete illustrated catalog, write to address below or ask at your ice cream store.



FREE!
10 MAD COUPON

**SEND BAGS to 'POPSICLE'
SERVICE DEPARTMENT**

Nearest Address

New York, N. Y. 451 W. 26th Street
Chicago, Ill. 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal. 2744 E. 11th Street
Atlanta, Ga. 325 Elizabeth St. N. E.

Acceptable toward the redemption of any premium listed above. Only one coupon may be used for any one premium. Valid until April 1st, 1945.







DETECTIVE COMICS



ANYTHING IN A PINCH, EVEN TO CALLING A SMALL-TIME CROOK FOR A CHARACTER WITNESS....



HE NAME IS BIG TIM BLANCO, LIKE I TOLD DA CLERK! AND I BEEN ACCQUAINTED WID RONNIE FOR YEARS!

IN FACT, I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS ABOUT HIS HIGH!

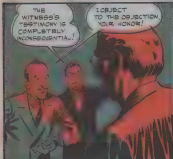


YEAH, DAYS RIGHT!

AND, JUDGE, I NEVER BEEN A MORE HONEST GUY! HE WOULDN'T NO MORE TALK OF STEALIN SOMETHIN' THAN I WOULD!

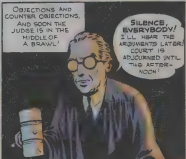


YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!



THE WITNESS'S TESTIMONY IS COMPLETELY NONCONFIDENTIAL!

I OBJECT TO THE OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR!

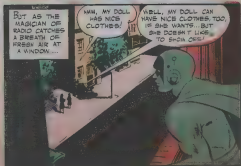


OBJECTIONS AND COUNTER OBJECTIONS, AND SOON THE JUDGE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BRAWL!

SILENCE, EVERYBODY! I'LL HEAR THE ARGUMENTS LATER. COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TWO AFTER-NOON!



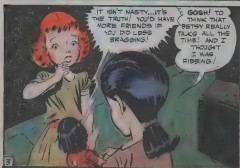
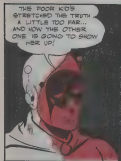
WHAT A NUISANCE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO HANG AROUND!



BUT AS THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO CATCHES A BREATH OF FRESH AIR AT A WINDOW....

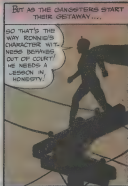
MMM, MY DOLL HAS NICE CLOTHES!

WELL, MY DOLL CAN HAVE NICE CLOTHES, TOO, IF SHE WANTS... BUT SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO SHOW OFF!

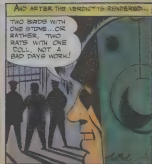




DETECTIVE COMICS









Get these new, pointer-packed books — and get a head-start toward being a real champion.

It's easy to play your game champion style. And here's how. Get expert coaching from champion-making coaches and champion athletes — in Wheaties new Library of Sports.

You get it straight. Each exciting book contains 32 pages packed with know-how that has been tested through years of champion competition. You learn inside dope on methods that have paid off in championships. You study specially posed photographs that show you how to adapt the champion's form to your game.

Choose the books you need. Send for them today. Use easy-to-mail coupon. Or mail your order to Wheaties Library of Sports, Dept. 66, Minneapolis 15, Minn. Order books only in pairs. Order as many as you want. Send ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books.

Champion Training Tip: Proper diet is an important part of any champion's program. Eat three square meals a day — starting that important first meal with lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions." Solid nourishment and swell flavor in Wheaties. Have 'em every day.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"Breakfast of Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 66, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Please send me the Library of Sports books I have circled below. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of TWO books.

PLEASE PRINT

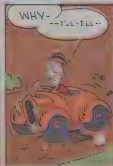
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer expires June 1, 1948



DESK JOB

by Tom Neill

THE thing that makes me a great boss," Big Angie said, "is that I sit right here at my desk and plan campaigns, just like Napoleon did." He beamed upon the mobsters who had assembled in his office. He was very fond of his boys, Big Angie was. And they all knew he was smart—a general just like Napoleon.

They sat there now, as practical a crew as ever hoisted a safe or hijacked a truck, and stared back fondly at him. Big things were brewing, they knew, whenever Big Angie called them all together like this. At Big Angie's side sat his lieutenant, Little Angie, smiling proudly.

"The less is right, guys," Little Angie says. "It takes a great general, sitting at a desk, to tell his men what to do." He stared severely at them. "And when the soldiers whom you guys, obey orders, then nothing can go wrong."

"And there is a big melon to cut, too, Little Angie," the Big Boy added. He beamed pontifically again on them, and then spread out a newspaper.

"Did any of you fellers ever hear of the Faith diamond?"

Knucks McGurn whistled. "Did we! It's the biggest piece of ice in the world. I sure wouldn't mind getting my hands on it."

Big Angie savored the news he was about to impart. The boys would get a surprise now. "Maybe you are going to get your hands on it, Knucks," he murmured. "In fact, I am going to order you to take it."

"What!" McGurn jumped from his seat. "That rock is closer guarded, Big Angie, than the gold down in Kentucky, which has an army around it. We wouldn't get anywhere near it."

"Sit down," Little Angie cut in, "and stop interrupting the general." Compulsively, he added. You must listen to the plan

of the campaign first.

"This here is a country town newspaper," Big Angie said, scowling at the paper, The Waterloo Courier. "It is in this here town that the Faith diamond is going to be one week hence." He wagged a fat finger at his mob. "How I got this paper is a military secret," he said mirthfully, "and there was very few printed before the editor realized somehow that something had sneaked in about the Faith diamond."

They were all puzzled, including Little Angie. He hadn't heard about this before. Enraptured, his battered countenance was raised toward Big Angie. "They got all those papers back but this one," he said. He could have told them that a gas station attendant in town had left it lying about, and one of Big Angie's side-racket boys, a purveyor of counterfeit gas coupons, had picked it up. But that would have been telling a military secret. Napoleon wouldn't have done it, so Big Angie didn't either.

"This tank town, fellers," Big Angie went on, "is the summer place of Mrs. Starling, the owner of the Faith diamond. To help the sale of war bonds, she is going to show it, and the rest of her collection of ice, at her home one week from Friday." He puffed at his cigar. "It is only for the wealthy colony, who have got to buy at least \$10,000 worth of bonds to get in. That is the ticket of admission."

"Ten goes to go through a door," Little Angie breathed.

Big Angie exhaled a cloud of blue smoke toward the ceiling. "It's not that, Lieutenant," he said. "This Mrs. Starling knows the insurance company would have more cops there than there are pigeons in Central Park. And she doesn't like cops around. That's why she didn't want anything even in this

paper. It's strictly a whispering campaign between the rich. They buy bonds and get to see this rock."

Little Angie couldn't restrain himself. "They are saps," he said. He scratched his head. "Seems to me there are more saps in wartime. . . ."

"Shut up, Little Angie," said Big Angie. "I am talking." His eyes glistened. "And now I will pick the four men who are going to be there." His arm shot out. "You, Fashionplate, and you, Smooth Richard, and you. . . ."

There were four of them, out of the fifteen in the room. "I picked you guys," Big Angie said, "because you are going to be guests." He smiled fondly on Little Angie. "And Little Angie here will be waiting outside Mrs. Starling's in the car."

"It's gonna be a big stick-up," Fashionplate breathed. He was tall, good-looking, and impeccably dressed. He had a wonderful reputation as a safe-cracker. "Ain't it, Big Angie?"

The Big Boy looked at him with a benevolent eye. "You are very smart, Fashionplate. And you know how to carry out orders. But why look like you do?"

"I was just wondering how we get in."

Big Angie smiled, opened his desk drawer. He threw over the four \$10,000 bonds. "These will do it."

No one said a word until Little Angie broke the silence. "Ain't he a real Napoleon?" he sighed. "A regular general! Wait till you guys get the rest of the layout."

"Campaign," Big Angie corrected softly. "Listen men."

It was simple, startlingly so. And, acting on orders, with Little Angie to command, they followed out every detail. Each night, in a small hotel in a neighboring town, the five crooks met, bringing in inform-

ation after casing the town and the Starling estate. Big Angie's informant had been right. The Faith diamond and a lot of other ice was going to be on view.

"And no cops," Fashionplate revealed. He had earlier that evening returned from a date with one of Mrs. Starling's maids. "I got the straight dope on that. Everything's gonna be done very quiet until the day after. Then Mrs. Starling turns in this terrific load of bonds and reveals the patriotism of her neighbors."

"Incredible," Smooth Richard, who had been posing as a vacuum cleaner salesman, said.

Little Angie whistled. "Almost a million bucks worth of ice just for saying 'Keep your hands up and your mouths shut.' He shrugged. "Saps." Then, loyally, "Big Angie sure knows how to figure things out. Nothing can go wrong when Napoleon makes out a campaign."

And so it seemed as Little Angie next night sat at the wheel of a powerful black car parked inconspicuously in the driveway of the Starling estate. Seag against the seat and the door, on his left, was a revolver. And from the house floated the strains of an orchestra. At the last moment, Mrs. Starling had decided to treat her guests to dancing and a buffet supper.

"For ten gees a ticket," Little Angie said early that evening when the change had been imparted to him. "She should give 'em room and board for a month."

Nevertheless, he was feeling very happy now. Fashionplate, the last man to go in, had entered only a few moments ago. And beneath his Beau Brummel-like exterior was concealed one of the tommy-guns the boys would use as persuaders.

He looked at his watch. 9:50. In ten minutes it would be all over, and the boys would come running out.

Suddenly, he started, and his hand stole to his gun. It was the friendliness in the voice coming from the darkness that kept him from using it. "Howdy, stranger. You got ten to ten,

too?"

Little Angie's eyes narrowed, then widened as he saw the star beneath the man's coat. His fingers went around the gun. A copper! For an instant, Little Angie felt panic. Then he relaxed, remembered what Big Angie had always said: "Never get panicky, you never get caught."

Yeah, Big Angie was right. This was nothing but a yokel cop, who didn't know he could be blasted right now. Little Angie's lips tightened. Well, he'd blast the cop as soon as the boys got out.

"You chaffeurung some of the guests."

"Yeah. My boss is visiting Mrs. Starling," Little Angie said. "She's having a party."

"Right nice woman," the constable shook his head. "But I wish she'd told me she was going to have a party tonight." He seemed almost fretful. "She'll get a surprise, though, mark my words."

Little Angie grinned inwardly. "Yeah," he thought, "she's sure gonna get a surprise." He stole a glance at the dashboard clock. It was one minute to ten. "Just about now." In his mind's eye he could see the boys uncorking the tommy-guns. Just like Big Angie had told them to.

His eyes darted to the constable, who chewed placidly on a wad of tobacco. The constable brought a heavy gold watch from his pocket, looked at it satisfiedly. He didn't see Little Angie moving the gun cautiously from its resting place.

"By the way, stranger," the constable said. "My name is . . ."

His eyes widened as he saw the gun. "Hey, whaddya doin' with that? Put . . ."

Little Angie's finger squeezed slowly, evenly on the trigger. The gun never went off, for suddenly the shrill cry of a siren split the air. As though a magic wand had been waved, the Starling house went dark!

Little Angie got only a glimpse of it as a heavy gold watch struck him on the temple.

His four pals, like himself,

were in handcuffs when he came to. The room seemed filled with State troopers. Little Angie blinked as a bright light smote his pain-stabbed eyes, and it took him a moment to realize that the light came from a huge diamond on the chest of a grey-haired woman, talking to a sergeant of State Police. "It was so thrilling, sergeant, that blackout coming in the nick of time. These horrible men were pointing guns at us." She shuddered. "Terrible. Terrible." She turned suddenly and beamed at the constable.

"I'm so glad our local Defense Council put all the town's lights on a master switch," she said. "But you should have told me, Constable . . ." She paused, perplexed, searching for his name.

The constable shifted his cud. "You didn't tell me you were going to show the Faith Diamond tonight, Mrs. Starling," he said dourly, "and bring every crook in the country here to snatch it. I saw the lights when I was walking by and stopped to tell you we were going to have a blackout in a few minutes."

"Then I ran into this guy." The constable yanked Little Angie to his feet. "Said he was chaffeurung one of the guests. Only he wasn't, and when he goggled at those lights going off inside, I let him have it with my watch, Broke the crystal, too." The constable grinned. "Guess it was good luck, though. 'Cause a minute later a squad full of state troopers came along and this gang of rascals walked right into our arms at the door. Like babies, they were, when they saw we had the drop on them."

"You were wonderful, Constable . . ." Mrs. Starling was still searching for the name.

"Wellington," he said with a frown. "Just think of Napoleon and I guess you'll remember it." He blinked at the sergeant of the State troopers "Consarn it," he muttered aggrievedly, "everyone in Waterloo but her knows my name. I ain't no desk cop. I move around."



THREE-RING BINKS

HANG ONTO YOUR SEAT, CHUM— RIGHT NOW YOU'RE PLUMB IN THE MIDDLE OF GETTING COMPLETELY ACQUAINTED WITH "LINSEY- LONGER- LUNGO"— THE WORLD'S GREATEST GLASS-BLOWER. IN TWENTY-FIVE DECADES— THAT'S MODEST ME, PAL. LOOK! I JUST BLEW YOU A STATUE OF YOURSELF JUST FOR SPITE. T'SHOW YA MY KEEN, UNLIMITED, QUICK-WITTED GENIUS— NOW HOWZABOUT YOU MAKING YOURSELF A FAST SOFT MILLION BY SIGNING ME UP IMMEDIATE WITH A THICK JUICY CONTRACT— OR ARE YOU AFRAID OF GETTIN' WEALTHY OVERNIGHT?

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL AND SUNDRY CIRCUS, MOVIE, CARNIVAL, VAUDEVILLE AND FLOOR SHOW HEADLINE PERFORMERS.

HARUMPH... A GLASS-BLOWER, SEZ YOU? — LISTEN, WINDY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN A SOFT-OCTAVE SQUEAK COMPARED TO MY GLASS-BLOWING CHAMP... THE ONE-AND-ONLY FAMOUS "HUFFINPUFF," SIDDOWN, YOKEL, AND HOLD YOUR BREATH FOR A COUPLA GASPS AND I'LL TELL YOU JUST A LITTLE BIT ABOUT 'IM !!



— SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I'M ABOUT TO FOLD THE CANVAS ON AN AENEMIC LITTLE TENT SHOW I GOT STUCK WITH IN A HORSE TRADE OUT MONTANA WAY, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BRACES ME FOR A JOB BUT A CERTAIN...

— WITH THAT, BY WAY OF SHOWING ME A SAMPLE OF HIS STUFF, AND BEFORE I COULD TOSS HIM ONTO THE HIGHWAY, HE WENT TO WORK.

"HUFFINPUFF" IS MY NAME, PARTNER, AND I BLOW GLASS... FROM NOW ON I'M JOININ' UP WITH YOUR CREEPIN' CARNIVAL OF CANTANKEROUS CATASTROPHIES FOR NO GOOD REASON - WHETHER OR NOT.

OKAY, PAL! YOU ASKED FOR IT !!



OHO! SEZ YOU!!



— IN TWO MINUTES FLAT THAT INFLATED HORNED TOAD HAD BLEW A DOUBLE-THICK BOTTLE COMPLETELY AROUND ME, AND THREATENED TO —



NOW, PAPPY, DO I GET ME A CONTRACT OR DO I CORK YOU UP FOR KEEPS?

— I'VE SEEN SHIPS IN BOTTLES, BUT I AIN'T THE ANCIENT MARINER—SO WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I SIGNED HIM UP!!



I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SO GOOD TO YOU, PAPPY, SIGNIN' UP LIKE TH'S, BUT MEBBE IT'S ALL FOR THE WORST FOR BOTH OF US!!

YEAH! HEH, HEH, HEH, GRR-R-R!!

— HE JUMPED RIGHT INTO HIS ACT THAT VERY NIGHT, AND IN SPITE OF ALL MY MISGIVINGS, HE ABSOLUTELY STOLE THE SHOW!!

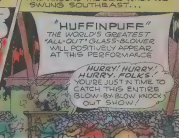


WHY, THAT GUY AIN'T HOOMAN!!

LOOK AT THAT, — NOW HE'S BLOWIN' WHOLE PANES OF GLASS BETWEEN PUFFS ON H'S CIGARETTE!!

WOW-W!
IS HE TOO HOT TO HANDLE? I'LL SAY HE IS!!

— FROM THEN ON HE FLOORED EVERY AUDIENCE CLEAR TO THE WEST COAST AND AROUND THE BEND WHEN WE SWUNG SOUTHEAST...



"HUFFINPUFF"
THE WORLD'S GREATEST "ALL-OUT" GLASS-BLOWER WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR AT THIS PERFORMANCE

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY, FOLKS! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THIS ENTIRE BLOW-BY-BLOW KNOCK-OUT SHOW!

— ONE CUTE STUNT HE PULLED IN EVERY WHISTLE-STOP THAT WE PLAYED WAS TO BLOW A GLASS BUST OF THE LOCAL MAYOR—IT COMPLETELY WOWED THEM!!



ONE MORE DEEP HEAVE, MAYOR, OY BOY, AN' THEN Y'CAN SUE ME FOR LIBEL, IF Y'WANNA, HA, HA, HA!

— IN NO TIME AT ALL WE WERE HIP-DEEP IN SUGAR-COATED FOLDING-MONEY— WE ALMOST HAD TO GIVE THE CUSTOMERS 'DOUBLE-CHANGE' JUST TO KEEP OUR BOOKS BALANCED (I SAID—ALMOST!)



IT'S VERY DIRTY STUFF, BUT MY-O-MY THERE'S SO-O MUCH OF IT—
WHOOPEE!!



- AND WAS HE A HANDY-MAN IN A PINCH -
MEMBER ONCE OUR CIRCUS TRAIN BROKE
DOWN, OUT IN THE COW-COUNTRY, AND WERE-

OUT O' GRUB, BOSS! -
THAT WHUT WE IS NOTHIN' ELSE
BUT - AND COMPLETELY!!

OW, WAH! NOW
WHAT'S T'BE DONE?

- OLD 'HUFFINPUFF' HEARD THE
SAD NEWS- SPOTTED A FLOCK OF
CONTENTED COWS ON A CLOVER-PACKED
HILL NEARBY, AND WAS OFF IN A FLASH!

HOLD EVERYTHING,
DADDY!

- AND HE WAS RIGHT BACK ON THE
TAIL-END OF THAT SAME FLASH WITH
TWO DOZEN QUARTS OF THE CREAMIEST
MILK! WHERE'D HE GET THE BOTTLES,
YOU ASK? SON, HE BLEW HIMSELF
THOSE BOTTLES, TWO AT A TIME, RIGHT
ON THE SPOT! WOT TA MAN!!

SAVED!!

ALLUS I WANTS
IS A REFUND ON
THE BOTTLES,
DADDY, HAW, HAW, HAW.

- FROM THEN ON OUR ROUTE WAS JUST
ONE GRAND TRIUMPHANT MARCH,
(FINANCIAL!) AND WE TRAVELLED ALL AROUND
THE CIRCUIT ON DOUBLE-VELVET!

\$498,750 --
\$499,750 + \$250.
= \$500,000
TA-DUM-TE-DA-DA-
TUM-TE-TA!!

COUNTING
ROOM

28000
MTS.
ANDER
MTS.

23000
MTS.

23000
MTS.

23000
MTS.

- I KNEW IT COULDN'T LAST THOUGH, AND
SURE ENOUGH 'HUFFINPUFF', OUR STAR
OF STARS, STARTED TO -

HE'S TAKEN ANOTHER DAY
OFF, BOSS - I JUST HAD TO
REFUND \$12,645 MORE IN
TICKET MONEY!!

OW-ITCH!!

- SOON THOSE DAYS OFF STRETCHED
INTO WEEKS OFF. I WAS BESIDE
MYSELF WITH RAGE, I WAS!!

WHY THE INGRATE -
HE CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME!!!

OH, HE CAN'T
EH, WELL,
HE'S DOIN' IT,
AIN'T HE?

ME

RAGE



— ALL THE QUICK PROFITS SOON MELTED AWAY WITH HIM OUT OF THE SHOW FOR WEEKS AT A TIME— AND I KNEW DEFINITELY THAT OUR NUMBER WAS 'JR'.

UMM... FROM MILLIONAIRE TO MILL-HAND IN ONE QUICK SPASM—PHEW! NOW LEMME SEE— WANTED... DISHWASHER— MUST BE COLLEGE GRADUATE— WANTED—



BUT I DID A BIT O' NOSEYING AROUND AND LEARNED TO MY SURPRISE THAT 'HUFFINPUFF' HAD GONE IN FOR AN INTENSE STUDY OF...

— **ELECTRICITY, CHUM—**
I'LL TELL YOU VERY CONFIDENTIALLY THAT HE'S GONE COMPLETELY BOOGIE- WOOGIE ABOUT NOTHING ELSE BUT **ELECTRICITY!!**



'HUFFINPUFF' STOPPED IN TO SEE ME JUST ONE MORE LAST TIME BEFORE THE SHOW FOLDED.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE PALS, WON'T WE, PAL? YOU WOULDN'T BLAME A PAL FOR DOIN' THE BEST HE COULD FOR HIMSELF, WOULD YA, PAL— BESIDES, KINI HELP IT IF I HAPPEN TO BE ALL LOADED UP WITH BODY 'LECTRICITY, PAL?

WELL OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN, UNGRATEFUL SCORPIONS I EVER HEARD OF... QUIT YOU COLD, EH?— WHAT'S THE INGRAT DOIN' NOW?



SCRAM! YOU'RE A WASH-OUT!

WHY, BETTER THAN EVER, I HEAR— BETTER'N EVER...



— I TOLD YOU HE'D FOUND OUT HE WAS CHOCKFUL OF BODY ELECTRICITY. SO-O, HE FORMED HIS OWN CORPORATION AND IS NOW BLOWING HIMSELF TWO THOUSAND PATENTED ELECTRIC BULBS DAILY... DAY IN AN' DAY OUT... THEY SAY HE'S NOW BLOWIN' HIMSELF INTO HIS SECOND MILLION ALREADY— AND --

HEH-HEH-HEH! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, CHUM— AN' WHERE Y' HEADIN'?



ANYWHERE— BUT OUTA HERE, BUB... BEFORE I BLOW MY TOP!!





SPECIAL PEP NEWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



NOW—IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP

MILITARY INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE BUTTONS

THEY'RE PRIZES FOR YOU! Just what you want—to collect and swap. Imagine, authentic, actual-color, military insignia and warplane buttons—keen stuff to pin on cap, sweater or jacket. 22 of them in all. A button as a prize in every package of PEP.

SPECIAL BEANIE CAP OFFER! For colorful beanie to wear buttons on, send 10 cents and 2 PEP box tops to Kellogg Company, Dept. 90P, Battle Creek, Michigan.



SOMETHING SWELL TO LISTEN TO

Kellogg's PEP BRINGS YOU

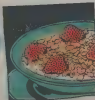
SUPERMAN

If ever a radio show was created for kids, it's SUPERMAN. Why, you've just gotta get your ear glued up to the mike to catch the exciting adventures. And the SUPERMAN SHOW has some mighty good news for you about Kellogg's PEP and PEP's new prizes—in every package. Listen to SUPERMAN—get time and station from your local paper.



SOMETHING REALLY SWELL TO EAT

Kellogg's PEP



BOYS—GIRLS—to enjoy a cereal made right to your taste, pick Kellogg's PEP. Mmm—Mmm—What delicious wholesome crispness! And when served with fruit and milk it's positively swell. And, know what? When Mom thinks you need sunshine vitamin D, just say, "A bowl of yummy PEP gives me my *panimum* daily need of that vitamin—also lots of energy vitamin B₁."





The BOY COMMANDOS

in
"GANGWAY, TOKYO!"

ORDER OF THE DAY:
To the Boy Com-
mandos: A unique
opportunity to
study the life
and manners of
the Jap in his
home territory
has presented
itself. Need
more be said?
... Rip Carter ...
CAPTAIN

THERE'S MORE THAN THE "THREE RS" TO EDUCATION ON A CERTAIN TINY PACIFIC ISLE—AND MORE THAN "BOOK LEARNING" IN THE MINDS OF A COURAGEOUS SCHOOL-TEACHER AND HER NATIVE PUPILS WHEN WAR ENGULFS THEM! AND THERE'S A GLORIOUS NEW VICTORY TO ADD TO THE BATTLE RECORD OF RIP CARTER'S BOY COMMANDOS AS THEY RISK INCREDIBLE DANGERS TO TEACH THE JAPS A BITTER LESSON THAT WILL ECHO ALL THE WAY TO TOKYO!

BY JOE JOHN & JACK KIRBY



A SCHOOL BELL, SYMBOL OF ENLIGHTENMENT — AND A JAPANESE FLAG, EMBLEM OF SAVAGERY — MAKE AN INTERESTING STUDY IN CONTRAST ON THE REMOTE PACIFIC ISLAND OF SAMPANO.



WITHIN THE SCHOOLHOUSE ...



ALL RIGHT CHILDREN! WE'LL HAVE THE RECITATIONS FOR THE MORNING.

H'AMERICA AND H'ENGLAND MUST BE CRUSHED BENEATH THE H'EXALTED 'EEL OF JAPAN'S 'EAVEN-SENT H'EMPEROR — H'IT SAYS 'ERE!

VERY GOOD!



VUN JAPANESE SUB-MARINE PLUS VUN TORPEDO EQUALS VUN LOST BATTLE-SHIP FOR DER ENEMIES OF NIPPON — IS DOT SO?

EXCELLENT!

DA POPULATION O' TOKYO IS AROUND SEVEN MILLYUN — BUT IT'S DUE FOR A BIG DROP!

RIGHT!



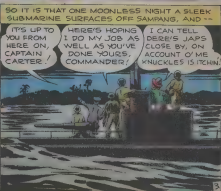
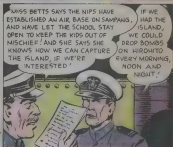
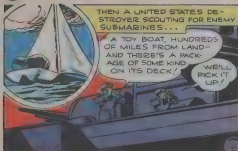
AS ZE NAZI EES ZE MASTER OF ZE WESTERN WORLD, ZE JAPANESE EES ZE SUPERMAN OF ZE EAST! ... SO ZEY SAY!

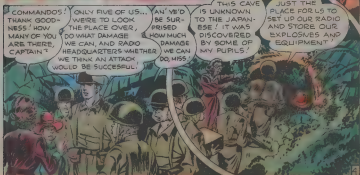
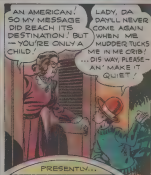
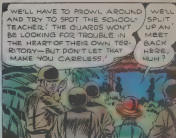
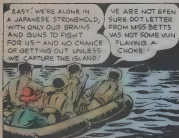
YOU ARE ALL BRIGHT STUDENTS!

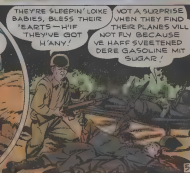
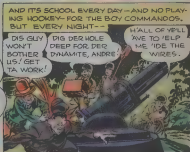
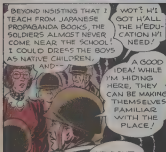
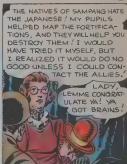
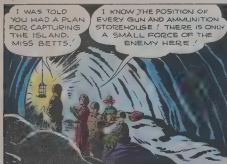


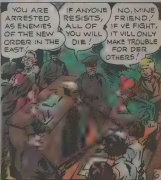
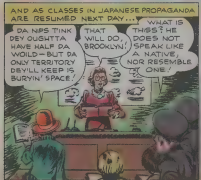
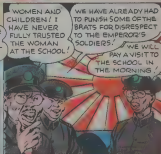
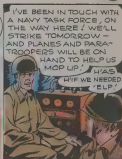
BUT WAIT A MINUTE, TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT FANTASTIC SERIES OF EVENTS HAS SENT THE BATTLE-SCARRED BOY COMMANDOS TO SCHOOL TO RECITE LESSONS — AND LYING JAPANESE LESSONS AT THAT! ... FIRST, DAYS BEFORE, THERE WAS A TINY TOY SAILING SHIP, BORNE THOUSANDS OF MILES BY OCEAN CURRENTS...











THE BRAVE WARRIORS OF THE SUN EMPEROR BEGIN THEIR INQUISITION—WITH THE LIVES OF A WOMAN AND CHILDREN AT STAKE!

YOU ARE ENEMY SABOTEURS, AND YOU MUST DIE! BUT FIRST, WE WILL HEAR OF YOUR ACTIVITIES AGAINST US!

GUESS AGAIN, YE HAP! WE AIN'T TALKIN'!

VERY WELL! SOLDIERS, USE YOUR BAYONETS ON THE BRATS FIRST, THEN ON THE WOMAN!

NO! DON'T HARM THEM! THEY KNOW NOTHING!

NIX ON DAT STUFF! I'LL TALK IF Y'ALL LET 'EM GO!

WE GOT DYNAMITE PLANTED ALL AROUND DIS PLACE, READY TA BLOW YA BACK WHERE YA CAME FROM! AN' IF YA HOIT DEM KIDS OR DA LADY, WE WON'T TELL YA WHERE IT IS!

DO NOT TELL, BROOKLYN! VOTEFFER HAPPENS, REMEMBER YE ARE UNDER ORDERS!

DYNAMITE! SHOW ME, IMMEDIATELY!

DIS WAY! WE BEEN HIDIN' OUT IN A CAVE!

IF THIS IS A TRICK, YOU WILL DIE VERY SLOWLY!

YOU ARE MAD, BROOKLYN! COME BACK—AH-H-H...

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT BROOKLYN IS GOING TO SACRIFICE RIP AND HIS COMRADES TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE? HE LEADS THE ENEMY COMMANDANT ALMOST TO THE THRESHOLD OF THE CAVE...

A PRETTY ISLAND, AIN'T IT? TOO BAD YOU MUGGS HAD TA SPOIL EVERYTHING FOR DA PEOPLE HERE BY MORNIN ON 'EM!

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! SHOW US THE CAVE AND THE DYNAMITE YOU HAVE PLANTED!

AND, SCANT YARDS AWAY, RIP'S ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY THE SOUND OF VOICES!

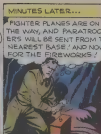
IT'S A DOITY TRICK, KILLIN' OFF DA SCHOOL-TEACHER AN' DEM KIDS! NOT TO MENTION ME PALS!

YANKEE BIG, SPEAK BEFORE I TEAR OUT YOUR TONGUE!

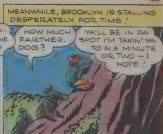
HUH?... BROOKLYN'S VOICE--AND A JAP'S... SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



THE JAPS ARE WISE!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
I'LL RADIO THE TASK
FORCE TO SEND
PLANES ON AHEAD!



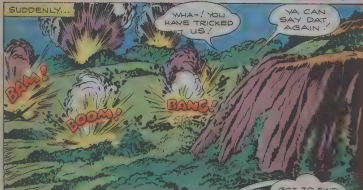
MINUTES LATER...
FIGHTER PLANES ARE ON
THE WAY, AND PARATROOP-
ERS WILL BE SENT FROM THE
NEAREST BASE! AND NOW
FOR THE FIREWORKS!



MEANWHILE, BROOKLYN IS STALLING
DESPERATELY FOR TIME!

HOW MUCH
FARTHER,
DOG?

YA'LL BE IN DA
SPOT I'M TAKIN' YA
TO IN A MINUTE
OR TWO - I
HOPE!



SUDDENLY...

WHA-! YOU
HAVE TRICKED
US!

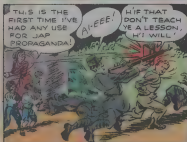
YA CAN
SAY DAT
AGAIN!



DERE'S DYNAMITE
IN ME MITTS,
TOO!

AI-EEE!

GOT TO FIND
THE KIDS AND
TRY TO HOLD OFF
WHAT JAPS ARE
LEFT TILL THE
PLANES GET
HERE!







LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh EVEREADY batteries** *Dated*



"Oops, pardon us, ladies! Wrong bench"

"EVEREADY" flashlight batteries are important equipment for the Armed Forces and the essential war industries. It requires the bulk of our entire production to meet their needs. That explains the present scarcity of these dependable, long life batteries for civilian use.

However, new and improved "Eveready" batteries will make their appearance after the war in ample quantities. These new batteries will reward you with an extra measure of service and dependability.

Be a regular American—buy War Bonds regularly.



EVEREADY

TRADE MARK